

ALONG A FAMOUS STREET.

PRETTY WOMEN AND WELL-KNOWN MEN ON BROADWAY.

Actresses in Street Attire—A Procession of Beauties—Well-Known Men of New York—Professional Face Washers—By Gaslight and by Daylight.

New York, December 12.—We have had the horse show, the flower show, and numerous doll shows, and all of them mean but one thing; you probably think that the horse show was to incite the breeding of good horses, the flower to make orchids finer and chrysanthemums bigger, and the dolls to make popular hand work and charity—noting of the sort.

They are all for one cause, the encouragement of woman. They simply form horse, or flower, or many-colored backgrounds to bring out her and her best gowns. She certainly nowadays rules the court, the camp, the grove, most of the men below, though I rather doubt her having anything to do with the saints above. She is the acme of self-possession, and parades around the tan-bark, or the soft dirt, or the linen cover, and bids all the world look at her. Sometimes she is worth it, sometimes she isn't. Sometimes she goes in for being picturesque, and only achieves dowdiness; sometimes she goes in for being very elaborate in her get-up, and instead of looking like a gentlewoman suggests a lady of the lake. Sometimes she achieves her end, and then she is so overflowing with pride that one wonders she doesn't burst. It is a funny thing, but there are days in New York when you see none but pretty women and days when you could bet, without any fear of losing it, the silver dollar that contains your best young man's picture that you wouldn't meet a good-looking woman on the street.

FAMOUS ACTRESSES ON BROADWAY.

The other day the beauties were to the fore, and all down Broadway they came in regular procession. Looking like a lady in a picture book, or one of Boucher's nymphs in a Worth frock, was Lillian Russell. You had just gotten over the intoxication of her good looks, when fascinating Sadie Martinot, in a cloth frock with some beautiful sables about her, smiled at you, and you wondered what you were going to do; and if it wouldn't be wiser to chop your heart in little bits, and lay a small piece at the feet of each beauty. Then Minnie Palmer, coquettish-looking in a scarlet jacket trimmed in gold braid and a fetching little scarlet hat; and after her Mrs. Ladenberg, a typical aristocrat, hair dark and glossy, gown simple and fitting her as if the king of tailors had made it, feet and hands perfectly shod and gloved, and a tiny bonnet very suggestive of the Princess of Wales on her head. Rolling by in a carriage goes the lily-like looking woman, Mrs. Burke Roche; and walking as if they knew the value of exercise and fresh air are Mrs. Kendal and her daughter Daisy, both in cloth gowns and each wearing a rather wide-brimmed felt hat, under which gleam bright eyes and are visible the purest and clearest of complexions.

THE WELL-KNOWN MEN OF NEW YORK.

For a change there are some good-looking men—Herman Oelrichs, big, blonde, and well groomed; Willard, the English actor, picturesque, Irving-like, and utterly unconscious of the looks that are being given him. Then comes a little chap who poses as the leader of fashion in New York, and who looks as if he hadn't had a good training when he was young; as if there hadn't been enough of early to bed and a sufficient application of that conscience encourager, the slipper, in the days of his youth. "Cause why? Because he is smiling and leering at women until their cheeks grow red and they feel as if they would like somebody to kick him. He would be shot in some places for this behavior, he would be an ornament attached to the end of a rope in some others, but in civilized countries women learn either to ignore such cads, or to keep quiet about their blushes. After him comes healthy, wholesome-looking Mayor Grant, blonde and clean-looking; he is a delightful antidote. Oh, it is the afternoon for handsome people, and to-morrow it may be the day for those who haven't the least claim to good looks.

FOR WOMAN'S TOILET TABLE.

Have you the proper mania for glass? Are you educated up to the kind which should be on your dining and dressing table? Or do you still believe that any kind you may like is desirable? The glass for your dining-room should be gold and white, and so should that which decorates your toilet table. You thought your silver appointments were enough, but indeed they are not. You want a puff box, not quite but nearly as large as the smallest sized bowl, and this must be of gold and white glass, while the huge puff which is to go in it is white, with an ivory sphinx for its handle. Then you want a white and gold glass jar into which you have split a lot of powder, and this holds the other puff, the one with the long ivory handle. What's that for? Why, my dear girl, to powder the back of your neck, to be sure. You can't reach it with another puff unless you are a good gymnast. Then the tall flask that holds eau de Cologne, white lilac, or whatever your favorite scented water may be, to match the powder box and jar. Then you want a couple of wine glasses and a tiny wine service, in case during the protracted toilet you need something to brace you up, though, of course, if you have your face washed by a professional two or three times a week your toilet does not take so long a time; still it demands some attention beside that given it by the regular washer.

PROFESSIONAL FACE WASHERS.

You don't believe it's done? But it is, though. You go to a place where this made a specialty of, tell what you want, and you then are taken into a charmingly cool and delightful-looking room—a room where everything seems the very expression of cleanliness. The floor is covered with matting, several dressing tables are draped with white embroidered muslin, and on small tables, also draped in white, are large bowls, beside which are scented soaps, sponges, curious little instruments, the use of which neither you nor I can understand, and beside each table is a gas jet, on which a brass tea kettle stands, so that the hottest of water may be gotten in a very few seconds. Don't be surprised if the operator tells you that your face is very dirty, for it probably is, inasmuch as

not one woman out of ten knows how to keep it clean.

WASHING A WOMAN'S FACE.

She begins by bathing it with tepid water, the tepid is gradually increased to very hot, and soap is plentifully used upon it. After another hot bath, rinsing off all the soap, the operator squeezes out a few of the blackheads that are showing themselves, just a few at a time, and after this is done she anoints you with some soft cream, so that the places may not be irritated, and for a few minutes you lie back in an easy chair and feel how delightful it is to have an absolutely clean face. Then the hot water is used again, the cream removed from your face thoroughly, and the cold plunge, so to say, taken—that is, quickly following the hot a sponge that has been dipped in very cold water, a sponge large enough to cover your entire face is called into service. The result of this? To keep wrinkles away. After that you are tenderly dried with the softest of damask napkins, and it is suggested that you look in the mirror. You are almost tempted to ask an introduction to yourself.

OH, ARTFUL, NAUGHTY WOMAN!

You couldn't have believed that your own face could have been so dirty, and although the delightfully polite operator will tell you that you really haven't any idea how dirty are many of the faces, how very dirty, you go away with a sinking at your heart and a determination to keep on going until every blackhead has disappeared and you have thoroughly mastered the art of washing your face. You are not inclined to tell anybody about this visit, but you know that it has been a wise thing to do when Charlie, who has not been scotched by the late trouble in Wall street, says to you, "Girlie, what makes your eyes and skin look so much better than they used to?" And you, like the dear that you are, say that you think it's because you have been taking more exercise and have a better appetite, for never, never would you confess to the man of your heart that you had a dirty face. Still, it's true.

BY GASLIGHT AND BY DAYLIGHT.

I often wonder how it is men marry women who they know use a lot of rouge or, worse still, paint, and whom they never have seen in the morning. Woman is essentially a lazy animal. When she is industrious it is for her a misfortune, not a virtue. Consequently, when she comes home after a theatre and a supper, nine times out of ten she tumbles into bed without a thought of what she has on her face, and nine times out of ten she doesn't even take her hair down—that is, if it is her own hair. And the consequence is she is anything but beautiful to look upon in the morning by the bright light, and her temper is pretty much in consonance with her looks. She either finds good in nothing, or else she is in a pitiful stage, when the person on whom she lavishes all her confidence is herself.

WHEN WOMAN SHOULD LOOK PRETTY.

Now, if a woman ever looks pretty in her life, she ought to when she is in bed, for there is always the probability of fire. The nightgown of to-day is a poem, and the woman inside of it ought to be ideal; but unfortunately she forgets about the fire, she only knows she wants to go to bed, and she doesn't care whether she smears the pillow slip with rouge and blue pencils and eyelash sticks. Oh, yes, she uses a blue pencil; not to mark herself out of creation, but to make a dark line just inside her lower eyelid. She is quite willing to risk ruining her eyes, or anything else, for that matter, if she can only appear what she considers beautiful. Silly being! Don't let her get herself to a nunnery, but take herself instead to a face-washing establishment. A clean face is a great incentive to a clean mind, and the woman of to-day can be improved by cleanliness in any manner.

A WOMAN'S CHRISTMAS FEVER.

Did you ever get the Christmas fever in your bones? It has attacked me, and I want everything I see. You think it's greedy, do you? Well, perhaps it is.

I couldn't ride a bicycle to save my soul, and yet I stared at one with envious eyes the other day.

I never rowed a boat in my life, but I felt that a man who had such a lot in his shop was cheating me out of what I ought to have.

I never play tennis, yet I yearn for a whole tennis outfit.

I am too old to find satisfaction in doll babies, yet I long with great intensity for every one I see.

The whole year through I don't consume an entire pound of candy, yet I feel the confectioner is defrauding me out of my rights by not feeding me his shop.

I don't wish to be considered a coquette, but I want all the diamond hearts the jeweler owns. I want all the picture books that pull with strings, all the Noah's arks, all the beautiful games, and every blessed one of the sleds and drums.

Goodness, gracious, no! Not to keep—but to give away. That's the Christmas fever in your bones—that is, if you are half a woman and have got a quarter of a heart; and I'm a whole woman with an entire heart—a heart big enough to want everybody in the United States to have a Christmas gift from

You Are in a Bad Fix.

But we will cure you if you will pay us. Men weak, nervous, and debilitated, suffering from evil habits or later indiscretions, send for Book or Life, Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 153 N. Spruce street, Nashville, Tenn.

Our Taste Is Improving.

New York World. "A very healthy reaction has set in in public tastes," said Joseph B. Tiffany, the well-known decorator. "The almost barbarian love of display which broke out at one time and found expression in huge masses of vivid color, brain-cracking contrasts and an endless amount of flimsy side issues in the way of stained glass, a riot of colors, and a general mixture of everything that was gorgeous has given way to a more refined and intelligent appreciation of the art of coloring. The houses which are decorated the least are nowadays the most widely admired. I mean by this that there is a general desire for delicate effects and soft tones."

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their \$5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electric Society, (U. S. Pat. 257,647,) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, etc. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

—Why do I drink Tannhauser beer? Because it is the best in the market.

Not One Left to Tell the Tale

If the business of the past week continues until January 1 there won't be one of our \$14.85 Suits and Overcoats left. The only way we'll know they ever existed will be when we see them on the backs of hundreds of stylish dressers. That's what we want. That's the reason we reduced them, and the effect has been very gratifying to ourselves, as well as to every one who is interested in male attire, and has availed himself of this ark-down sale.

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PETALUMA, CAL., FRUITS IN GLASS JARS AND CANS.
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We have received three hundred dozen of these Superior Fruits, and are selling them at very low prices, considering the scarcity of all Fruit this year.

We can show you the Largest Stock of Fancy Groceries,
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We have received and are showing some very choice styles in

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS.

Plain White Hemstitched, all Linen, at 10c, 12c, 25c, 50c, and 75c, each.
White Embroidered H. S. or Scalloped at 10c, 12c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25, and \$2.50 each.

The above line includes some of the choicest patterns ever shown in town, and are as low in price as any house in Washington for the same class of goods. Fancy Colored Embroidered Handkerchiefs from 10c. to 75c. each. Black Handkerchiefs with White Embroidery, 35c. and 50c.

Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs.

White H. S., all widths of borders, pure linen, 25c, 50c, and 75c. Gentlemen's Printed Bordered Handkerchiefs, Pure Linen, 25c., 50c., 75c. each. Gentlemen's White Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 75c. each.

S. COHEN & CO.,

523 ELEVENTH ST. N. W.

FROM THE HOLIDAY DEPARTMENT
OF
LANSBURGH & BROTHER.

Happy Reminders!

Are you in a quandary what to buy for a relative or a friend? If you are, come to our store and inspect our stock. We will show you the greatest variety of everything usually handled in a large store, combining utility, service, and economy.

Don't wait for the push, rush, and hustle of Christmas week. Make your purchases now with comfort, leisure, and ease. We can wait on you more intelligently now. Later on you know what it is.

You may not be prepared to take your purchases now, but a payment on articles bought will reserve them for you until such time as you may wish them.

Plush Work-Boxes, in Red, Blue, and Orange, 98c., \$1.09, \$2.09 to \$5.48.

Jewel Cases, in leather and plush, 98c., \$1.48, \$2.48, and \$2.68.

Smoking Sets, 98c. to \$2.24.

Poker Sets, \$2.08, \$2.98 to \$4.08, containing two decks of cards.

Odor Cases, in leather and plush, fancy cut-glass bottles, \$1.12, \$1.19, \$1.98.

Plush Cases containing Soap and Perfumery, \$1.25, \$1.98 to \$3.24.

Gents' Shaving Sets, in plush and leather cases, \$1.12, \$1.48, \$1.74, \$1.98 to \$3.00.

Gents' Fine Shaving Set and Dressing Case combined, \$7.98.

Gents' Traveling Sets, in leather cases, \$4.98, \$5.24, \$5.48, \$5.74 and \$6.48.

Smaller Sets, \$1.48, \$1.98 to \$3.68.

Gents' Collar and Cuff Boxes, 25c., 80c., \$1.48, and \$2.24 a set.

Ladies' Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, in plush, \$1.48 set.

Single Glove Boxes, 98c.

Single Handkerchief Boxes, 98c.

Gents' Cuff Boxes, in the shape of a drum, nickel plated, \$3.24.

Small Manicure Sets, in plush cases, 98c., \$1.74 to \$3.68.

Larger and More Complete Sets, in leather and plush cases, \$7.24, \$8.49, \$8.98, and \$10.48.

Dressing Cases, with Manicure Sets combined, \$2.24, \$4.24, \$7.08, \$9.48, \$9.98.

Dressing Cases, with Jewel and Odor Cases combined, \$9.98 to \$14.48.

Plush Case, containing half dozen Nut Pickers and Nut Crackers, \$1.98.

Albums, in plush, all cabinets, \$2.19, \$3.48, \$3.98, and \$5.25, in Copper, Red, and Blue.

Fine Leather Albums, \$4.98, \$5.98, all cabinets. Cheaper Albums from 98c. to \$4.98.

Large French Dolls, with jointed bodies and fine blue heads, 98c., \$1.98, \$2.68, \$2.99, \$3.99.

Fine French Dolls, with kid body, shoes and stockings, and showing three little teeth, \$2.24.

Fine French Dolls, with patent jointed kid body, \$2.48, \$2.98, \$3.68, with shoes and stockings.

Kid-body Dolls, with fine hair, 98c., \$1.37, \$1.89, \$1.98.

Dolls, with kid bodies, indestructible heads, shoes and stockings, 98c.

Large Wax Dolls, 48c. to 75c.

Medium-sized Dolls, with indestructible heads, long flowing hair, 25c., 30c., 48c.

Plush Pincushions, 35c.

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Special Sale of Perfumery

TO-MORROW.

Beginning at 8:30 A. M. until close of store, we will sell the following goods out of our Toilet Department at the special prices affixed: 1 ounce 25c. Perfumery, 19c. per bottle, 2 ounce 50c. perfumery, 35c. per bottle, 8 ounce 35c. Florida Water, 19c. per bottle, 12 ounce 35c. Bay Rum, 19c. per bottle. Each and every lady will be allowed a sample on her handkerchief. The price, coupled with the superior merit of these goods, should create the same quantity of eager buyers that the previous sale attracted.

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